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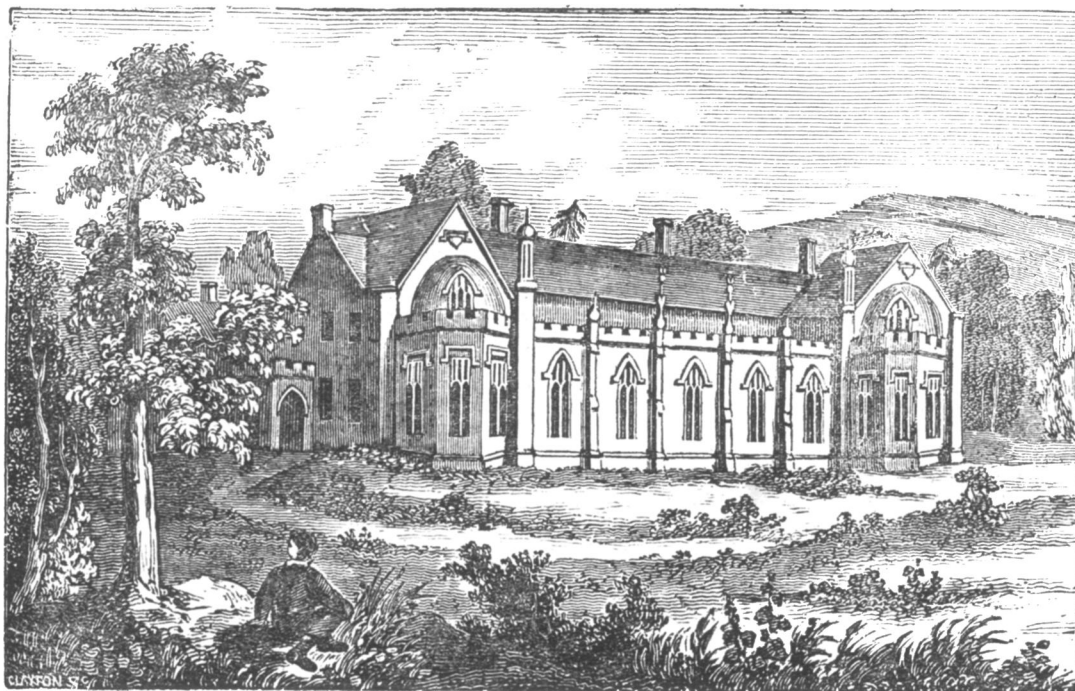
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GLENCAIRNE ABBEY.

Glencairne Abbey, situated on the same margin of the river Blackwater with Lismore Castle, from which it is about three miles distant, is a pretty edifice, in the abbey style, and forms a prominent feature amongst the many beautiful and truly picturesque objects with which the banks of the above river are ornamented. It belongs to the family of the late Henry A. Bushe, Esq., by whom it was finished; and we regret to remark, that notwithstanding the bold situation, and the judiciously designed and highly finished compartments of the interior, yet (owing to the original projector) the exterior of the walls, with the exception of the buttresses, are a composition of plaster in imitation of limestone, which, although at present wearing so very pleasing an appearance to a superficial observer, must, in a few years, inevitably moulder to decay.

We the more readily make the above remark, as the immediate and surrounding country abounds with limestone, which might be procured at no great expense, and thus prevent the defects to which plaster must be liable.

E. H.

THE RUINED FORGE.

A December evening was falling fast, when a traveller left the inn of Kilworth to pursue his journey over the solitary mountains which divide the counties of Cork and Tipperary. He was a man of middle age, of an athletic frame, silent in his manner, and of a singularly stern and forbidding aspect: he was apparently a stranger in the country, and his whole appearance bespoke him a traveller rather for business than pleasure. He was wrapped in a horseman's large cloak, well mounted on a powerful black horse, and carried pistols in his holsters. As he was leaving the village his horse lost a shoe, which compelled him

to halt at a neighbouring forge. The smith was a man little liked by his neighbours; and many strange reports respecting his former avocations were afloat in the country. The traveller and he took but little notice of each other until the horse was shod; but, when the smith was receiving payment, a large scar on the stranger's right hand, attracted his attention; he raised his eyes to his face with an expression of surprise, but the instant he caught the dark, stern visage of the traveller, bronzed by the ruddy light of the forge, the blood fled from his cheek; and, with a half-smothered cry of horror, he dropped the money on the ground. The eyes of the stranger literally flashed fire, and his dusky figure, half seen by the flickering light, seemed to dilate with very rage.

"Hush!" said he, in a deep voice that the smith recognised right well. There was a dead silence.

The smith looked fearfully round, as if he thought the very walls had ears; then wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, he exclaimed, in an agony of terror,

"Are you come to me at last? Och, an it's little thim that's watchin' for ye know's who they're watchin' for; an' must I go wid ye?"

"Is not the time come?" said the stranger sternly.

"Sure enough," said the smith with a grin—it's come, sure enough. You'll be met on the road," added he in a lower voice, "for, as I tould ye, there's thim waitin' that thinks to stop ye; an' the loadin' of yer pistols is drhavin; an' the road over the mount'in is set."

The brow of the stranger grew dark as midnight, but he spoke not a word: he drew his pistols from the holsters. The smith had told him truth; the charge was gone, but the priming was untouched. The smith followed him with an anxious eye, as he turned towards the fire and deliberately loaded them again: a faint and ghastly smile curled

his lips for a moment, contrasting strangely with the deep gloom of his brow. The very heart of the smith died within him. The stranger replaced his pistols; and walking slowly to the door of the hut, looked forth into the night. It was dark and gloomy; the moon had not yet risen; the clouds were gathering together in shapeless and heavy masses above the tops of the lofty mountains; and the wind came by with that moaning and melancholy sound which forebodes a coming storm.

"In an hour," said he, "the moon will rise; till then I will remain here; and, at twelve to-night, you shall see me again."

So saying he closed the door, fastened his horse to the wall, and, wrapping himself in his cloak, sat down on a stone bench opposite the fire; the smith took his at some distance, and both relapsed into perfect silence. At length the moon appeared struggling with the huge and shadowy masses of clouds that racked along the sky. The stranger again looked forth into the night; then turning to his horse, tightened the girths, and led him to the door. The smith watched him in silence. The stranger, before he mounted, again turned slowly towards him, fixing his eyes upon him with that strange expression I have already endeavoured to describe. The wretched smith hid his face in his hands, nor did he stir until the sound of the horse's hoofs, as they rang hollowly on the frosty ground, assured him that the stranger was gone. He watched him as long as he was in sight, his tall dark figure still taller and darker in the moonlight, as his horse strode at a rapid pace along the mountain road. At length he disappeared in the distance, and the smith returned to his hut. He closed and barred the door, accumulating every possible fastening with the quick and nervous haste of one under the influence of overpowering fear; but suddenly stopping—"Och! its all of no use—and, sure, I know it: I might as well strive to keep out the wind;" with that he sat or rather sank down on the seat he had left.

The traveller meanwhile was pursuing his road, and had reached the top of the mountain; he reined his horse, and cast his eyes around; the prospect was wild and dreary to the last degree: a wide extent of barren and uninhabitable bog lay on either side of the road, its monotonous uniformity broken only by patches of snow or piles of rocks; lofty mountains of the same cheerless and dreary character occupied the distance; and the only vestige of human habitation was a ruined and roofless cabin, which stood by the road side, at a short distance; its low black walls scarcely distinguishable even in the moonlight from the bog, of which they had once been a part. The traveller drew his right hand pistol from the holster, cocked it, and, gathering up the reins, proceeded at a slow and steady pace, keeping a watchful eye upon the ruined hut, yet not so as to attract attention. As he passed the door a man sprang into the road: he had a blunderbuss in his hand; but, while he was actually in the spring, the traveller laid him dead at his feet. He replaced his pistol, and deliberately alighted from his horse. The moon had broken from between the clouds, and was shining bright and clear; he turned the dead man on his back; the pale, clear light fell full upon his face; his eyes were fixed and staring; and, though he expired without a groan, the parting pang had left a horrible expression on his livid features. The stranger bent over his victim; his dusky form and sallow brow half in light, half in shade: he gazed on him intently; and as he looked, he laughed until the very rocks rang back to the echo of his ghastly mirth. He left the dead man where he lay, and, remounting his horse, returned to Kilworth: it was almost twelve when he again reached the inn. He knocked loudly and long; at length the door opened.

"Where is your master?" said he to the waiter.

"In bed, Sir, these two hours."

"Call him," said the stranger, "I must see him instantly."

There was something of mockery in his tone as he spoke.

"I durst not," said the waiter, evidently disconcerted; "I could not rouse him now for any one."

"You are right, friend," said the stranger. "It will take a louder voice than your's to waken him now; but,

if you have a mind to try your skill, you will find him on the top of yonder mountain. So saying, he turned his horse from the door, leaving the waiter rivetted to the spot. Of the rest of that fatal night nothing is known: in the morning the body was found, and a warrant was issued for the apprehension of the smith, but his forge was closed—his cabin deserted—and he was heard of in that quarter no more. I myself have seen that ill-omened forge; it is in ruins. The grey-headed peasant who pointed it out told me the singular story I have related: he remembered well the very night. When he had done he lowered his voice, and, by way of making his assurance doubly sure, tendered an unbidden though solemn oath, that he himself had often heard, when passing that spot in the deep gloom of a winter night, the clang of sledge and anvil sounding from the RUINED FORGE.

November 29, 1834.

H. J. B.

LIFE IN AMERICA.

It is not customary in New York to give dinners; from economical motives, the houses are so arranged as not to admit of it. When the homely family meal is over, and they have duly picked their teeth, the men continue to sit and drink, but the females withdraw to their bed-room, and commence their potations. At this time they admit no visitors, unless, perhaps, most intimate friends of their own sex. The answer then given is, "that the ladies are asleep," which means, that they wish not to be disturbed while they secretly indulge in spirituous liquors, and smoke their cigars. Social parties, not having a political tendency, are not to the taste of the Americans: the restraints which decorum imposes in such companies are absolutely incompatible with their notions of liberty. In the great seaports, and in Washington, there are occasionally tea-parties: from national vanity, people sometimes submit to this trouble, in order to give foreigners a high opinion of the extreme refinement of manners and the high polish of the Americans. A few days after my introduction to the reverend doctor, I received an invitation to such a party.

Whenever a lady entered, all the gentlemen at once offered her their seats with low bows; and each person on entering shook hands with all present, who then waited in profound silence till the party was complete. The mistress of the house then counted her guests, and began to prepare tea. During tea, fish, cakes, smoked meat, and fruit were eaten promiscuously, and washed down with every sort of wine and liquors. The feasting over, the married ladies seated themselves together; the men slunk away to the windows and other corners, shuffled about with their feet, slowly crossed their legs, and at length assumed their favourite position by clapping them against the wall. One or other secretly slipped the beloved quid into their mouths, and began to chew, to spit, and to talk politics in a low tone. The younger females stood in a group in the middle of the room, and inquired of one another, how many quarters each had taken lessons on the piano. Almost every one of them had several school medals, the rewards of diligence in the different departments of learning, hanging round her neck from long and broad ribands: the mothers explained to one another the purport of these decorations, and when that subject was exhausted, they took up the absolutely inexhaustible topic of the preceding Sunday's sermon; and this afforded each occasion to display her exquisite sensibility, profound wisdom, and refined morality, which, if they did not entertain the company, at least kept it together till past twelve o'clock. Another group was formed by the young *elegants*. Having taken their pen-knives from their waistcoat pockets, they were trimming their nails, while the young damsels leered coquettishly at them. At length the boldest of them, putting up his knife, and having convinced himself of his amiability by a self-complacent glance at the mirror, and ascertained that his cravat was the stiffest and his waistcoat the whitest, he shuffled in three strides, in which he stumbled only twice, across the carpet to the young ladies, drew a chair to the piano, and with a thousand obeisances invited the damsels to play. The latter set on foot an inquiry, which of them had learned music the longest; it turned out that one of